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The Husband in the Kitchen.

Once upon a time there was a man so surly and cross that he thought that his wife never did anything right in the house. So one evening in hay-making time he came home selding, and showing his teeth and making a dust.

"Dear love, don't, that's a good man," said his goodly; "tomorrow let's change our work; I'll go with the mowers and now, and you shall mind the house."

So early next morning his goody took a scythe over her shoulder and went out into the hay field with the mowers and began to mow; but the man was to mind the house and do the work at home.

Went down to the cellar to tap a barrel or are. So, just when he had knocked in the bung, and was putting the tap in the cask, he heard the pig come into the kitchen overhead. Then off he ran up the cellar stairs, with the tap in his hand, as fast as he could, to look after the pig lest it should upset the churn. But when he got up and saw that the pig had already knocked the churn over and stood there rooting and

slipping among the beams, which was rooting all over the floor, he got so wild with rage that he quite forgot the ale barrel and rushed at the pig as hard as he could. He caught it, too, just as it ran out of the door, and gave it such a kick that piggy lay for dead on the spot—then all at once he remembered that he had the tap in his hand; and when he got down to the cellar every drop of ale had run out of the cask.

Then he went into the dairy and loud enough cream fell to fill the churn 'gain, and so he began to churn, for the butter he must have for dinner. When he had churned a bit he remembered that the milking cow was still shut up in the barn, and hadn't had a bit to eat or a drop to drink all morning, though the sun was high. Then all at once he thought it was too late to take her to the meadow, so he'd

But still he couldn't leave the churn, for there was his little babe crawling about on the floor.

and if he lost it he thought the child was sure to upset it. So he took the churn on his back and went out with it; but then he thought he'd better first water the cow before he turned her out on the thatch; so he took up a bucket to draw water out of the well; but as he stooped down at the well's brink all the cream ran out of the churn over his shoulders and so down into the well.

Now it was near dinner time, and he had not even got the butter yet; so he thought he had better boil the porridge, and filled the pot with water and hung it over the fire. When he had done that he thought the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs or neck. So he got up on the house to tie her up. One end of the rope he tied fast to the cow's neck, and the other he slipped down the chimney

So he began to grind away; but while he was hard at it down fell the cow off the house top after all, and as she fell she dragged the man up the chimney by the rope. There he stuck fast, and as for the cow, she hung half way down the wall, swinging between heaven and

And now the goody had waited seven lengths and seven breadths for her husband to come and call them to dinner; but never a call had they had. At last she thought she'd waited long enough and went home. But when she got there and found the cow hanging in such an ugly place she ran up and cut the rope in two with her scythe. But as she did this down

when his old dame came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head in the porridge pot.

A JUDGE LOSES HIS TEMPER.—Monsieur D. Conway tells the following story of an irate British judge :—"The court room of Mr. Justice B. was the scene of rather an alarming

outburst of feeling on the part of the judge. 'A case came before him presenting a combination of every kind of villainy in the defendant, and as the clear evidence came out the judge grew red and white, and was fairly boiling when the time came to charge the jury. 'Gentlemen of the jury,' said the judge, it is a perfectly clear case and a most nefarious one. The defendant

A DIFFERENT KIND OF FATHER.—A Boston

absence of the teacher, I took charge of a class of boys of from four to six years of age. 'Speaking the truth' was the basis of our conversation together. I asked the boys if either of them could tell the story of George Washington and his little hatchet. One of the boys promptly began to tell the story, and was listened to most

One little fellow, who had given the most careful attention, turning his head a little one side, his bright eyes snapping, and with a most determined expression upon his face, exclaimed, 'Well, Mr. B—, I don't care! My father had an oleander bush, and I cut it down. He asked me if I did it. I told him I did—and he licked me!' "

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